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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Cousin Rex.

THERE was no doubt about it: Cousin Rex was a great disappointment. For weeks Dot had been looking forward to the coming of her boy cousin from India, and thinking about all the wonderful things they would do together. Baby Brian was only two years old, so he could not play any sensible games; and Dot was overjoyed to think she was going to have a companion who would do lessons with her and teach her boys' games.

But, alas! when he did arrive he was just a disappointment.

"I don't like girls," he said shortly, when Dot ran to meet him and lifted up her face to be kissed, "and I hate little ones."

With that he turned his back on her and stuck his hands in his pockets.

Dot's eyes filled with tears, and, to Rex's great disgust, she began to cry.

"Never mind," said Dot's Mummie, who was looking on. "He does not mean it really. He is tired after his journey. You mustn't mind what he says."

"I do mean it, every word," said Rex, looking more and more sulky. "I can't bear little girls, especially blubbing ones. They are no use to play with, and such muffs."

So that was the end of all Dot's grand dreams about the new cousin.

As the days went by, however, things began to look a little brighter. There were times when Rex was in such deep disgrace with Nurse and every one that he was rather glad to have a friend, even though she was only a little muff of a girl.

Now this story begins on a day that was hopelessly wet—a day when Rex was so very troublesome that Miss Turner was obliged to keep him in till half-past twelve to learn returned lessons. It was with a sigh of relief that she at last let the thoroughly cross boy leave the schoolroom for half an hour's play before dinner-time.

He strolled aimlessly down the passage, brooding over his grievances, one of the largest being that Dot was not there waiting for him. If she had been, he would probably have told her she wasn't wanted, but he chose to feel angry because she was nowhere to be seen.

From where he stood he could see the steady rain fall into the sullen water of the lake, and as he looked a sudden gust of wind parted the foliage of some trees on the brink, and he saw through the gap the little island on which Dot had said they were sometimes allowed to take their tea. He stared dully at it for a moment; then his gaze became suddenly interested. Slowly the frown died away and his face brightened.

"My word!" he exclaimed aloud, "it would be fun! I'll do it as soon as ever I can."

He stayed hidden in the window until May, the nursery-maid, came to call him to dinner, when, to her surprise, he came at once and behaved a great deal better than usual. Only he seemed to have such a big appetite that Dobson and James the footmen were quite astonished.

Directly lunch was over, Rex dis-



appeared into his bedroom for several moments, and then took up his station again at the landing window. Dot presently found him there, and came and stood beside him.

"Is you vewy busy, Wex?" she asked him timidly.

"Yes, very," answered Rex shortly. "I am thinking of giving you a splendid treat. I can't tell you what it is now, for it's a great secret, and I haven't quite finished all my plans."

"O Wex," cried Dot excitedly, "can't you tell me now?"

"No," said Rex, with a very grown-up air. "You are too little to keep such a big secret. The treat to-morrow depends on its being a fine day; that is why I am looking to see if the clouds are going."

It was a great disappointment to both Rex and Dot when next day was as wet as ever; but the rain might leave off at any moment, so Rex went steadily on with his plans. The food at breakfast disappeared again in a marvellous way, and again Rex shut himself into his bedroom as soon as he left the dining-room.

Lessons that morning were so well done that Miss Turner allowed him to escape from the schoolroom on the stroke of twelve. He raced along to the passage window and looked eagerly out. Yes, surely, surely it had left off raining! He tiptoed back along the corridor, and ran swiftly downstairs to the front door. Hurrah! it was quite fine. There was not a drop to be felt. In crossing the hall he met his aunt, who stopped him.

"Rex," she said, "will you run up

to the nursery and fetch the children? Tell Nurse that, as they cannot go out, I should like them in the library until lunch-time."

Rex nodded, and disappeared up the stairs as he was bidden; but instead of going straight to the nursery, he turned on the landing and vanished into his own room. Carefully closing the door, he opened several drawers in turn and took out many queer-shaped parcels. These he stuffed into his sailor's blouse and his pockets, until every place was full to bursting and he was sticking out all over in big bumps. He then cautiously left his bedroom, and walked to the nursery door, pushed it open, and put his head round.

"Nurse," he said, quite politely, "Auntie wishes the children to come down to the library until dinner, and I am to wait and bring them."

"Very well, Master Rex," answered Nurse pleasantly; "they won't be a minute.—Come, my precious," she said, turning to Baby Brian, "let Nannie wash his face and hands, so that he can go downstairs to Mother."

A minute or two afterwards Rex again put his head cautiously round the door.

"Nearly ready?" he asked.

"Yes, just," answered Nurse. "There, take care of my baby and hold his hand going downstairs."

"O Wex!" exclaimed Dot, pointing to the misshapen boy, "what has you got in vose lumps?"

"Hush!" hissed Rex warningly. "It's the secret."

At the magic word Dot pursed up

her lips in silence, and crept softly along by the side of Rex.

When they had passed through the swing-door, which shut off the nursery landing, Rex stopped.

"Now," he whispered, "the treat is coming. I didn't mean Baby Brian to be in it, but we can't get rid of him now.—Brian, you are to be very, very quiet till I tell you that you needn't be."

Baby Brian thoroughly enjoyed the mystery at first, but when they passed out through the front door and reached the grass-grown avenue of dripping lime-trees, he did not want to go any further. The wet grass felt cold against his little bare legs, and his thin shoes were already soaking wet, and he suddenly set up a dismal howl. Rex and Dot managed to drag him on another fifty yards, and then he stumbled and fell with a shriek full length into the soaking grass. In vain Dot coaxed and petted; he lay where he had fallen, and only kicked and sobbed when Rex scolded. At last, however, they pulled him to his feet, and he stood, a pitiful little soaked object, while Dot and Rex tried to wipe him down with their grimy handkerchiefs.

"Nannie, Nannie!" he cried, his chubby face swollen with tears and his teeth chattering with cold.

"Oh, go back to your Nannie!" exclaimed Rex at last, giving him a vicious little shake. "Go straight home now at once and stop blubbing!"

He turned the baby round by his shoulders and gave him a push, and Baby Brian, with cries of "Nannie, Nannie!" tottered back through the long wet grass on his way to the house.

"He can't go alone," gasped Dot.

"Yes, he can," said Rex. "If you go back with him now I shall know you are a mean funk, and I will never play with you again."

That much-dreaded threat settled it, and before Dot had time to change her mind, Rex began to run down the avenue, pulling her after him until they reached the lake. There they waited a few minutes to take breath, and then hurried on round the edge of the lake to the boathouse.

It was just a matter of minutes before Rex had managed to get into the boathouse and found a light Canadian canoe, just large enough to hold two persons comfortably. He untied the rope and swung her round out of the boathouse, and, holding on to the branches, pulled her to the bank where Dot stood.

"Now, quick!" he screamed. "I can't hold her steady long."

Barely a minute passed before Dot had slid down the edge of the bank and landed safely in the canoe. Then, by a succession of jerks and pushes, Rex got clear of the bank, and the canoe floated out on the open lake.

Until that moment Dot had been too much afraid of being left alone to think what her father and mother would say to what she was doing, but now she suddenly remembered.

"O Wex!" she cried, "I isn't allowed to go out in a boat wifout Daddy or Mummie or Miss Turner."

"Shut up!" he snapped. "It's too late now; you should have told me before, and I would have left you behind."



It was more by good luck than skill that the canoe at last drifted towards the island, for Rex did little else with the paddle but splash himself; but suddenly they crashed into something, and Dot was thrown forward, her head entangled in small branches.

"Quick, Dot! Catch hold of the shrub close to you!" shouted Rex.

Then together they scrambled out on to the muddy, slippery bank, and Rex gave the canoe a kick which sent it shooting out on to the lake alone.

"O Wex!" screamed Dot, "ve boat's gone!"

"Yes," he answered proudly; "I meant it to. Now we are really and truly shipwrecked sailors cast ashore on a desert island, and here we have to stay until we are rescued."

"When?" whispered Dot breathlessly.

"Oh, I don't know—and I certainly don't care," he replied coolly. "It doesn't matter much if they don't find us for days and days, as I have heaps of grub for some time in my pockets. I've been saving it from breakfast and dinner for the last two days. In fact, I hope they won't find us too soon. It would be a pity to waste all the food, and we shouldn't have had time to go through any great hardships or adventures. We ought to starve for a little bit, and then signal for help in real earnest. I shall tie your pinafore to a stick, and trust to their seeing it waving about. If they don't, we shall have to try to catch some fish, and hunt for berries to eat, or we shall starve."

This was too much for Dot. She did not understand a boy's delight in seek-

ing for perils and hardships. She was only a little girl, not used to big boys and their ways; but accustomed to a cosy nursery, and a kind Mary to play games with her and her dolls. And at the thought of them all at home she threw herself down on the ground and sobbed.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Rex.

"I've fwightened," gasped Dot between her sobs.

"Frightened!" exclaimed Rex. "Oh, nonsense! You are just a stupid cry-baby of a girl, spoiling all the fun. I wish I had a boy to play with."

Poor Dot! Rex's idea of fun was so different from what she had been used to. She was wet, unhappy, and afraid; but she was really as plucky as possible, and now, after a few minutes' silent struggle, she rose to her feet and tried to smile.

"That's right," said Rex approvingly. "I didn't think you really were a funk; I only said it to tease you. Now, come along; we have heaps to do before nightfall. We must collect leaves for our beds, and make a table of stones to put our food on."

So the children started to hunt for stones, and Rex built them up into a large square, chattering all the time.

"Now, Dot, listen! I'm the captain of the big ship which went down a mile from this coast. Captain Paul Jones is my name, and your name is Bill. We are the only two who managed to swim ashore; all the others were drowned. Now, remember, Dot, when I call you 'Bill' you're to answer 'Sir.' Mind you don't forget."

"All right, sir," answered Dot, helping to put the last stone on the pile.

"Now, Bill," remarked the captain, "I'll show you my store."

Plunging a hand into his blouse, he brought out a squeezed parcel, which, when the paper was torn off, revealed four slices of what once had been fried bacon, one whole kidney, and two cold fillets of fried fish. Then another dive brought to light six breakfast rolls, and his trousers pockets produced three new potatoes, a cutlet, a piece of string, and a knife. None of the eatables looked very tempting—they were covered with a good deal of dust and many hairs—but this did not interfere with the children's pride and delight as they laid them tenderly on the stones.

"I do believe I ought not to have brought so much food," said Rex thoughtfully. "Really shipwrecked people have to hunt for things to eat. Anyway, I can make a bow and arrow with some branches and the string I've brought, and then we can prowl around the island and see what we can bag. You, Dot, shall carry home whatever I shoot—even if it's a lion. You'll have to drag it by the tail."

Dot shrank back, and looked around wildly.

"Oh! don't be a goose," said Rex. "I'm afraid there won't really be any wild beasts; but we can pretend there are, and wild Indians too, waiting to kill us. Now, come on; do try and play properly. Don't forget I am your captain; so keep close to me, Bill."

"Yes, sir," murmured Dot dutifully.

"You should have said, 'Ay, ay,

sir,' " he corrected. "That means 'yes;' only it's the proper way that sailors would say it."

"Ay, ay, sir," assented the dutiful Bill.

"We'll go now and get some water to drink," said Rex, as he parted the branches and peered down at the water through the thick bushes. "Hullo! what's that? Look, Dot! it's a moorhen's nest. We must get the eggs and suck them for drink."

But that was easier said than done. Rex crept along the long branch which stretched out into the lake, but he could not reach the nest. Then a bright idea flashed across him.

"You are much lighter than I am, Bill," he said, "so you can creep further. I'll follow close behind, and hold you tight while you stretch."

Dot was a good sportswoman over things she could understand, and she did not hesitate now to obey him. She crept along the bough like a monkey, and then, while Rex held one of her legs fast, she leaned as far down as she could, and found she could just touch the nest.

"Now," cried Rex, "you can reach them."

But just then came a shriek, a rustling of leaves, a crackling of branches, and a splash.

Rex was thrown off his perch, and let go Dot's leg; and when he regained his balance and looked down, there beneath him in the water lay Dot, her hair caught by a network of twigs, her little white face thrown back, and her arms pinioned to her sides by reeds and branches.

"Dot, Dot," he called wildly, "open

your eyes! Answer me! I can't reach you. Oh, what shall I do! Help! help!"

Meanwhile there had been much trouble up at the house, for when poor little soaked Baby Brian had stumbled home, and had been found by his mother inside the garden gate, almost before he could be undressed a terrible attack of croup had come on. Mother and Nurse were too busy to think of anything else for some time; but when at last his breathing became easier, Mother turned to Nurse with a puzzled expression on her face.

"You haven't told me yet, Nurse, why you allowed Baby Brian to go out in the damp," she said.

"Me allow him, ma'am!" replied Nurse indignantly. "Why, you know I wouldn't do such a thing, knowing how little it takes to give the darling croup. He went down to you nearly an hour ago with the others."

Mother's face grew suddenly very white.

"Where are the other two, then?" she said. "I have seen neither of them."

"They all left the nursery together, and I thought they were safe with you," said Nurse. "Goodness only knows what harm that dreadful boy has led them into! He won't be satisfied until he has killed us all."

Where could the children be? They must be looked for at once. Daddy came hurrying from his study to help in the search.

"Where did you find Baby Brian?" he asked.

"Standing inside the iron gates," said Mother.

"Then we shall find traces of the children's feet there," he said.

It was not long before they tracked the two sets of footprints down to the edge of the lake and along to the boathouse, and then Mother suddenly swayed and leant heavily against Daddy. There, midway between the boathouse and the island, floated the canoe—empty!

"Where are they now?" asked Mother, between chattering teeth.

At that minute came the answer—a shriek, long and terrified.

"The island!" gasped Daddy, in a voice that didn't sound like his own, it was so harsh and cracked.

It took but a few minutes to reach the boathouse, unpadlock and throw open the doors, and then they were speeding across the lake in the big boat, speaking no word, but listening to the cries of "Help! help!" which reached them in Rex's voice. Daddy shipped his sculls as the nose of the boat ran against the island, and jumping out he called over his shoulder,—

"Tie her up, and follow me quick."

He saw the sobbing Rex lying in the long grass, and then beyond he caught sight of Dot's golden head and white face lying in the water, and in an instant he had jumped in and lifted the little body in his arms. By this time Mother had reached the bank, and stooping down she gently took Dot from him and hurried across the island to the boat, hardly noticing that Rex was sitting up gazing at her with wild, haggard eyes.

After that it did not take long to carry the little wet, half-drowned

figure safely home, and poor little "Bill" was soon safely in bed with Nurse and Mother looking after her, and Daddy coming in every now and then, just to make sure that she was really safe and sound.

"Where's Wex?" was the first thing she said when she opened her eyes and looked round.

"He shall come in and see you for a moment," said Mother. "He is very sorry he led you into mischief."

"He will be sorrier still to-morrow," said Daddy grimly.

"O Wex!" said Dot, when a very red-eyed, subdued Rex came in and stood by her bedside, "I am so sorry I was a muff and couldn't get the eggs."

Rex swallowed very hard, and tried to speak in a manly voice.

"You weren't a muff, Bill," he said; "you were rather a sport, old girl."

"Then will you always play wif me?" asked Dot delightedly.

Rex nodded, but they did not hear what Nurse muttered to herself as she listened.

"Not if I knows it," she said.

Motto for May.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.—JOHNSON.

Sent in by MARJORIE BUTLER,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton,
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to whom a book prize has been awarded.

OF what trade can it be said that all its members are men of letters?

Printers.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER V.

THE WORK OF THE KING.

AT last the time came when Jesus must leave the little quiet Nazareth village and begin His Father's work. There were so many poor people in the dark world waiting for the Light, so much suffering and pain and sin waiting for the healing touch of His hand and His gracious word of forgiveness.

But although He was God, the Light of the world, who could forgive sins, yet He was man too, and He never saved Himself from any of our hardships and temptations. The devil tempted Him just as he tempts each one of us now; and He often suffered hunger and pain, and many a night He had no place in which to shelter, or pillow on which to lay His head.

The story of His wonderful work has often been told—how He opened the eyes of poor blind men, healed the sick, fed the hungry, comforted the sorrowful, brought back life to the dead, and, more than all, taught people to know that God was their Father, and loved each one of them. But among all the stories of this wonderful life, children always love to remember the special times when Jesus had time to think of them, and to speak to them as well as to the grown-up people, and how the children of long ago showed their love for Him as well.

It was one day when Jesus was passing a little village that He sat

down to rest for a while under the cool shade of a wayside tree. He was very weary, and His disciples and friends who were with Him were anxious that He should rest quietly and that no one should disturb Him.

But the village people had heard that the great Teacher was there, and the joyful news quickly spread from house to house. The women hastily called the children together from their play. The little ones who could not walk they carried in their arms; even the tiniest babies were not left behind. These mothers knew how good and kind and wonderful this great Teacher was. They had heard how the very touch of His hand healed the sick and gave sight to the blind; and they wanted Him to lay those loving hands upon their children's heads, for they knew that His touch would bring a blessing.

Very soon a crowd had gathered, and began to move towards the place where Jesus was. The barefooted children in their scanty little garments pattered along the dusty road; the women in their coarse red and blue robes, with bright handkerchiefs over their heads, followed behind, carrying the babies in their arms. All hurried towards the place where that tired figure could be seen resting at the wayside.

The disciples of the Master frowned as they saw the approaching crowd. This was too bad. If there were sick people to be healed, or anxious men who wanted to hear the Master's wise words, it would have been more readily excused. But to disturb Him for

nothing more than a crowd of children and babies was more than they could bear. The women should have known better than to allow their children to come there and trouble the Master.

So the disciples hurried forward to check the little crowd, and bring it to a standstill before it could disturb that quiet figure. The children were to go home at once, they said, and the mothers should be ashamed of themselves for being so selfish and thoughtless.

All the happy smiles began to fade upon the children's faces, and the mothers hung their heads with downcast looks when they heard the rebuking words. Slowly they turned to go back again without the blessing they had longed for. But in a moment their disappointment was turned into joy, for the Master, looking on, called to them Himself, and the sound of His dear voice could be heard by all.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," He said, "for of such is the kingdom of God."

He was displeased with His disciples for trying to send the little ones away. He wanted them, every one.

The children were not shy. They knew at once that it was the voice of some one who loved them, and they pressed happily forward as near to Him as possible, resting their little sun-browned hands confidently on His knee, or clutching at a fold of His robe. The mothers, too, came near, and humbly asked if He would lay His hand in blessing on their babies' heads. Each little dark or sunny head felt

the touch of that gentle hand as the children gathered round His knees. And not only that, but He took the tiny babies in His own arms, just as the good shepherd carries his lambs.

It was when His life on earth was

The day before, Jesus had ridden into Jerusalem amidst the welcoming shouts of the people. The men and women who went out to meet Him treated Him as if He were indeed a king. No procession of horsemen and



nearly ended that once more a crowd of children gathered round the Master. But this time they did not come to ask anything of Him, but to give Him all they had to offer—their song of praise and worship.

chariots, no banners flying or trumpets blown, no royal robes or jewelled crown marked His progress. The King, clothed in His peasant robes, rode upon a humble ass, and there seemed nothing to show that He was a great

conqueror. But that day the people hailed Him as their earthly king. They took off their garments, and laid them on the road as a carpet for Him to ride over; they cut down palms and silvery olive branches, and strewed them in His way. The air rang with the sound of their voices as they shouted, "Hosanna: Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

The children amongst the crowd listened to that shout of praise, and it rang in their ears until they too joined in the song. And later on, when the King entered the Temple, they gathered round Him, a little group of children, and sang out again with all their hearts the hymn they had learned: "Hosanna; Hosanna in the highest."

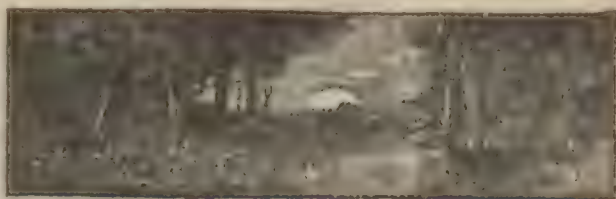
The frowning white-robed priests were very angry as they listened. They were really more angry with Jesus than with the children, for they hated Him, and it made them furious to hear the people call Him a king. They dared not say to Him what was in their hearts, but it was safer to blame the children who were making so much noise in the holy Temple with their hymn of praise.

"Hearest Thou what these say?" demanded one of the chief priests of Jesus, with an impatient gesture of his hands towards the singing children.

But Jesus loved to hear those childish voices. It made Him happy to receive their praise and love, and He would not bid them be silent. It was perfect praise, He told the priest who wished to have them silenced.

With the same kind look in His eyes as when He took those village babies in His arms, He listened now to the voices of the city children, ready always, then as now, to receive their love and worship.

(To be continued.)



The Garden.

THERE are voices in the garden
When the world is fast asleep;
You can hear them in the twilight
When the dusk is purple deep.

"Sway," says the lily;
"I creep," says the snail;
"Jump," says the frog;
"And I hide," says the quail;
"Swim," says the little fish;
"I sleep," says the grass,
"Waiting for the rose light
When the dark shall pass."

There are voices in the garden
When the candles dim and die;
You can hear them in the tree-tops
When the wind sings Rock-a-bye.

"Dance," says the firefly;
"I glide," says the bat;
"Shine," says the moonbeam;
"I blink," says the cat.
Fairy on the tree twig
Beside the baby bird
Laughs a bit and listens,
But never says a word!

The Jester.

THERE was an Old Man at a casement, who held up his hands in amazement.

When they said, "Sir, you'll fall!" he replied, "Not at all!"

That incipient Old Man at a casement.

What word of ten letters can be spelt with five? Expediency—XPDNC.

What word becomes fourteen pounds by adding two letters? One—Stone.

Why is a popular actor like a clever architect?

Because he draws good houses.

How many sides has a plum pudding?

Two sides—the outside and the inside.

"Can any scholar tell me what is the Ancient Order of the Bath?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, mum, I can," called a small boy from the foot of the class. "Baby comes first, then Janie, then Freddy, then me."

Golden Text for the Month.

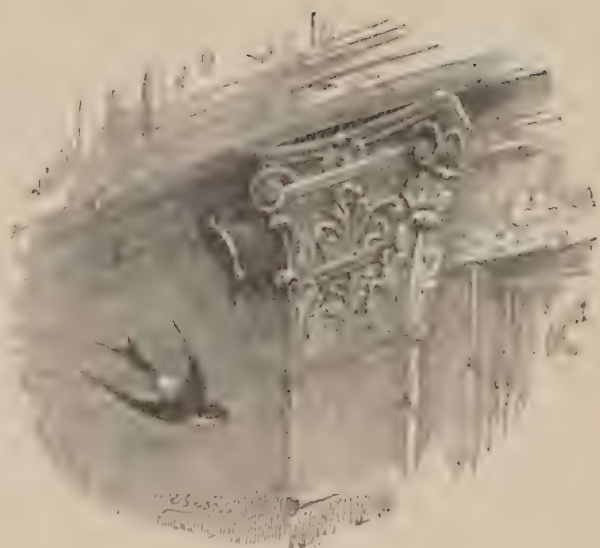
Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of God.—EPHESIANS iv. 7.

"A KETTLE and a stewpan came

Almost, I've heard, to blows,

When the stewpan told the kettle,

'You are singing through your nose!'"



Swallow.

"Welcome to thee, swallow dear!

Thou that comest every year.

In the spring thy nest thou makest,

But by Nile, when comes the winter time,

Thy Memphian way thou takest."

ANACREON.

THE common swallow makes its appearance with us soon after the vernal equinox. Equinox means the times of year when day and night are of equal length everywhere. There are two annual equinoxes—the vernal, on March 21; and the autumnal, on September 22. Well, the swallow comes with the spring equal day, and leaves us again about the end of September. It builds its nest in chimneys, in the inside, within a few feet of the top, or under the eaves of houses. It is curiously constructed, plastered with mud mixed with straw and hair, and lined with feathers; it is attached to the sides or corners of the chimney, and is sometimes a foot in height, open at the top.

A GOOD round somersault.—An apple turnover.

A Spanish Hero.

THE greatest of Spanish heroes was the Cid, or lord. Wonderful tales are told of how, even as a boy, he overcame many of the Moorish kings. But he was gentle as well as brave.

After one of his battles he set out with twenty knights on a long journey. As they rode along, we are told, they came across a leper, who was fast stuck in the mud. He was crying loudly for help. The knights passed



on as if they did not hear the shouts. But the Cid got down from his horse, and, putting forth his hand, helped the poor man out of the mire.

He then lifted him on his saddle, and carried him to the inn where they were to pass the night. At supper he placed the leper next him at table, and bade him share the food on his own plate. The knights, when they saw the Cid making friends with the poor leper, rose and left the room.

At night the Cid made the leper share his bed. But at midnight he awoke to find the leper had gone. Before him, however, stood a form clothed in white.

"Who art thou?" said the hero.

"I whom thou didst take for a poor leper and didst help—I am Saint Lazarus," said the spirit. "In return for what thou has done for the love of God, thou mayst ask whatever thou wilt, and it will be done. Never shall thine enemies overcome thee." And at once the shining form was gone.

When the Cid had grown old, and was worn out with his many battles, the Moors again overran the country. With a large army they came against the Cid's own city. For many days they lay round the walls.

The Cid now felt that he was about to die. So he called his people round him. "Do not mourn for me when I die," he said, "but fix my body upright on my good steed. Put my shield about my neck, and set my sword in my hand. Then lead my horse against the foe." Sadly were these last words spoken, and when the end came sadly were they obeyed.

At the very sight of the dead hero the Moors fled in terror, and never stopped till they reached the sea. So eager were they to get on board that they crushed towards the ships. Great numbers of them were pushed into the sea and were drowned. So even in his death the Cid was not overcome by his enemies.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

EMERSON.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER V.

"IT'S only my magnifying-glass," I said Marjorie, with surprise in her voice; "Miss Smith made me bring it. She wanted me to do natural history in the holidays, because I don't know any." The little girl looked at Jim with amazement. "I forgot to pack it, you know, and she told me to put it into my pocket the last thing."

"It's— Bravo, Miss Smith!" shouted Jim, pouncing upon the treasure. "My dear kid, our fire's as good as made. This is better than a thousand boxes of matches made by Messrs. Bryant and May. Never heard of a burning-glass, partner? Your education's incomplete, I fear." He pulled out of his coat pocket the letter that he had last perused in the boarding-house parlour at Crioch, just before they started on their adventurous journey. "Look!" he said.

Marjorie followed him, and craned her neck anxiously as he shifted his position about until they were in the full glare of the sun; then he held the little glass steadily in his hand over the sheet of paper, but between it and the sun. "Watch!" he said.

A tiny picture of the sun appeared in the glass, and was reflected on to the paper beneath. Jim moved the glass about until this little picture was narrowed down to a mere speck, while

Marjorie watched with fascinated eyes. Then a spot of the paper turned brown; suddenly there was an instant's tiny flame.

"There! you see how it works," said Jim triumphantly. "Now, if you'll collect all the driest grass you can find—brown, you know—we'll manage in no time. I'm going down to bathe, and when I come back I'll bring some driftwood with me. We'll put the new fire over the old one; there may be some heat in the ashes yet, and that'll help. And then, what ho! for breakfast." Jim went whistling off, feeling greatly cheered by his find.

"It's only the rest of the chocolate!" Marjorie called after him. She was feeling tremendously hungry, and she was sure that Jim must be hungrier still. "Oh dear!" she said to herself as he disappeared, "if I could only come across a table, all spread and ready, as they did always in fairy tales." She ran hither and thither picking up dry grasses, as she imagined how lovely it would be, and grew hungrier and hungrier the while. "Perhaps some rolls, and porridge—I'd even like *that*—and an egg or two. But—" she heaved a dreadful sigh.

For already, on the previous evening, she had searched for fruits, and had found none. "I'll just go across that bit of land near the spring," she said to herself; "we shall want water to drink—anyway to make the chocolate of." She retraced her steps, laid down her bundle of dry grass near the ruins of yesterday's fire, seized the little cocoa tin, and ran off again.

It was quite near to the spring that she made her discovery—close by, in fact, but on the other side of a small grass mound. She came upon something there that made her stand still with surprise, for here was a small piece of ground that had evidently been dug over and prepared and planted! Evidently, too, it had been neglected for months—that was plain to see, for the earth was hard with heat, weeds were everywhere, and it had a generally forsaken look. But, all the same, plants of some kind were flourishing there, as Marjorie could see.

And they seemed to the little girl vaguely familiar as they stood there. What worried her about them was the fact that she half recognized them, and half didn't. She approached the patch of ground and stared, and finally, with a remembrance of her blunder of that morning, decided to return and ask advice of the captain as to what these things might be.

"Jim!" she called, flying over the ridge presently; but the sight that met her eyes as soon as she reached him was quite sufficient to dispel all remembrance of her late doings. For her companion was seated before a crackling fire; the burning-glass, helped by the sun, had done its work. Also he was grinning from ear to ear, and was evidently well pleased with himself. He held up to her amazed view two small fish.

"Just in time!" he exclaimed. "Brought the water for the choco? You'll be having a roast fish, too, in a jiffy."

"But how are you going to cook them? And oh, how did you catch them?" asked Marjorie, capering about with delight and hunger.

"In a deep pool; they're tiny rock-cod, or something like that, I shouldn't wonder. It was while I was bathing. And as to cooking, partner, I'm going to wrap them in leaves and roast them in the ashes. Look after the drinks—that's *your* job—and wait and *smell*!"

A savoury odour soon arose on the air; the most perfect breakfast was in preparation, Marjorie thought. She fetched large leaves for plates, sighed a little that islands do not produce forks, and finally drew half a biscuit from her pocket, just as Jim, with the utmost fairness, served up the meal.

"I saved this last night. I wasn't really so very hungry," the little girl said shyly, "and I thought——"

"Marjorie, you're a *stunner*," said Jim, accepting a quarter; "but—this is not to happen again."

"It couldn't," dimpled Marjorie; and then there was silence for a minute or two as they fell to work.

"Well, for a desert island we've not done badly," said Jim presently, looking rather ruefully at the very bare skeleton of his fish; "it's a good thing that fingers were made before forks, partner, or where should we be? And——"

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," capped Marjorie, much the better for her meal; "but, talking of fish—O Jim! what are those plants, rather tall, and sometimes with flowers, that you see in vegetable gardens as you pass, nearly always?"

We've never had a garden, but somehow they seem familiar to me, and they're growing up there," she concluded.

Jim stared. "A garden," he said, "and 'talking of fish.' What on earth——?"

"Well, it was while you were fishing that I saw them, don't you see? Some one's been planting, and they're growing there."

"Some one planting, and—here!" Jim sprang to his feet. The remembrance of last night's experience was in his mind, but he was not going to frighten Marjorie about it. "Lead on, mate; let's see," he said.

"They're round here," said his companion presently—"just round this corner, behind the mound from the spring. Quite a little hidden place. We didn't see it last night. Now—what——?"

She was interrupted by a perfect howl from Jim. "Taties! My *hat*! Taties, begorra!" He seized on one of the plants, and to the astonished eyes of his small friend he displayed the tubers as he drew them up from the earth. "You—you little Cockney!" he shouted, "d'you mean to say you don't know a *potato* when you see one?"

"I do—quite well—in a *dish*," said Marjorie, with dignity; "and I told you that we'd never had a garden. Mother and I have always— But I did recognize them, in a sort of way, so—" She turned away.

"I didn't know you had a mother," said Jim, to change the subject, as his companion's tone sounded more than

half offended. "What ho! for taties for supper," he said, as he dug away. "I've always thought of you as living with a governess, you know."

"As if—" Marjorie looked surprised out of her annoyance. "Why, nearly always I live with mother; she's the very jolliest mother. But—" There was a pause.

"What's up?" inquired Jim.

"Well, if you want to know," Marjorie sighed, "I can't tell you. It's a kind of secret—at least that's why I came with Miss Smith to Crioch. I'm to go back home again, of course, but—" She sighed.

"I say," said Jim consolingly, rather interested in what Marjorie's secret might be, but infinitely more excited at the moment about their great find. With a crop of potatoes like this, he knew that they were safe for some time, even if they were not picked up; but the question was—Where had they come from, and who had planted them? He thought the matter over, and gave Marjorie the benefit of his solution of the mystery as they made their way back to the camp fire again, laden with their spoils. "I expect," he said, "that the old chap planted them."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Marjorie, looking rather frightened.

"Why, I told you. He came on here with sheep in the spring, and meant to stay. And then, after one night, he left again—because of the ghost, you know." Jim tried to hurry over this part of the story. "And my idea is——"

"You mean that he might have

planted them to keep them for his food?" said Marjorie.

"Yes, that's my idea; and they're jolly good ones. He chose good soil near the spring, and this is just the right time for pulling them, too. They must have been planted early. See—"

Jim then displayed a large and earthy tuber. "We'll have roast potatoes for dinner, and perhaps more fish—even a crab, perhaps. Have you ever tasted roasted crab, mate?" Jim talked cheerily on, as though he did not notice the pensive look on his companion's face.

"Jim," interrupted Marjorie presently, "do you think they'll find us to-day?"

"I hope so," said Jim; "but—well, you know, it *may* be a day or so before they do. You see, as they don't know that we took that boat—I tell you what, kid, we ought to be jolly thankful that we've got stuff to eat and drink here. Suppose——"

"I know," said Marjorie. She trudged valiantly on. "But you know what you said about the old man, Jim—well, sometimes I *do* feel so frightened about that ghost!"

* * * * *

"It's been a most jolly dinner," said Marjorie, "but——"

"Likewise 'but,' mate," said Jim; "for I'd set my heart upon a roasted crab, and the cocoa tin wasn't big enough to hold him. I wonder—" He relapsed into thought.

"My 'but' was about bread," remarked Marjorie, rather sadly. "I never thought I liked it so much; in fact, sometimes I've even wished it

wasn't there—at home, you know. But I must say it's difficult to do without. Jim, could we make some, possibly?"

"Well," said the captain, "we've no flour, you see. Let's consider—what would Mrs. Robinson Crusoe have done in your Swiss Family book?"

"Oh, *she*!" Marjorie spoke a trifle scornfully. "They *always* got everything ready made, somehow. I think there was a bag in their boat that gave them grain to plant, or something. But *us*—we're *real*," she sighed again. "Well, there's one thing about a desert island—there's no washing-up to do after meals," she remarked—"no pots and dishes."

"Don't be so sure, mate." Jim spoke teasingly. "We'll have you washing up yet. I've set my mind upon a real crab, and my idea is——"

"Why, what?" inquired his companion.

"D'you remember falling down that first evening by the spring when you found the water? You're muddy still." Jim grinned. "Well, while we were looking for the cocoa tin that evening the idea came to me. That's the very thing to make pots of."

"What, cocoa tins or mud?" said Marjorie, scornfully. "Jim, don't tease."

"I'm not; I'm in earnest. Honest Injun, I am. That mud's clay; I could see that it was by the sample you brought back with you. And when we went up to the spring, I knew that it was a kind of clay pit there—just a small one, you know. And clay's jolly slippy stuff. We owe our future dinner-set to your fall, mate."

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 100. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than May 16.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose stamps for replies*, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

What would you like to become when you leave school? Give your reasons. (The paper must not exceed 250 words.)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

FIGURE PUZZLE.

In this square the cardinal numerals from 1 to 25, set in regular order from left to right, give different results when added line by line. How can you arrange the same figures in square formation in such a sequence that whether you

add a vertical line or a horizontal line you get sixty-five?

1	2	3	4	5 = 15
6	7	8	9	10 = 40
11	12	13	14	15 = 65
16	17	18	19	20 = 90
21	22	23	24	25 = 115
55	60	65	70	75

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

How many times did Jesus appear on earth after His resurrection? Tell what you know of these appearances.

For Children under Twelve only.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her what you know about Boy Scouts or Girl Guides.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

ttonwwsae nnttao.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a canary in a cage, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your garden; or if you have not a garden, about that of a friend.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a bowl with goldfish in it, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for March.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Barbara Newman, Rotherfield House, Midhurst, Sussex. 2. Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Atlay, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester; Kitty Broad and Jessie Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stour.

bridge; Betty Stevens, 146 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.

BIRD TRANSFORMATIONS.

1. Wilfrid Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh. 2. Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Oxford.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Doris Thompson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts; Mary Fairbairn, 33 Tarvit Street, Edinburgh.

The correct answers were: Linnet = Dinner; Owl = Awe; Jay = Lad.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield. 2. Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Isabel Gray, 146 Donegal Pass, Belfast; Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Ada Coley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Tom Wilson, Diamond, Coleraine, Co. Derry.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs. 2. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Honourable Mention.—Evelyn Graham, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford; Marjorie Butler and Ruth Nicholls, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; David Attwood, Dunton School, near Brentwood, Essex.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Winnie Crossland, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Charles Richardson, 5 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Constance Hodgkiss and Freda Ironmonger, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Winnie Crossland and Violet Lewis, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Hilda Hooton, The Old Farm, Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Mary Rawson and Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts.

DROPPED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. 2. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Nan Morrison, 251 Rosslyn Street, Gallatown, Kirkcaldy; James Cathcart, 12 Herbert Avenue, Larne, Co. Antrim; Constance M'Farlane, 5 Bradbury Street, Downfield, Dundee; Eddie Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa; Nellie Daniels, Amy Giles, and Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. S. Summerfield, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester. 2. Edgar Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Ella Hodgkiss and Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Henrietta M'Neillage, 15 Bouverie Street, Yoker; William Pooler and George Bennett, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Oliver Gray, 146 Donegal Pass, Belfast; James MacGregor, 10 Paton Street, Inverness.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 2. Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst.

Honourable Mention.—Stewart Gilmour, Corisbridge Farm, Clarkston; Alice Webster and Theresa Bower, Mount School, Kersal, near Manchester; Christina Fowler, 4 Chatham Place, Glasgow; John Clarke, Sumpner's Farm, Dunton, near Brentwood; Fred Driver, 134 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Gordon Clarke, Sumpner's Farm, Dunton, Brentwood. 2. John Rundle, Trethewell, St. Eval, St. Issey, Cornwall.

Honourable Mention.—Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; William Telford, 6 Downfield Place, Edinburgh; Jane Brown, 37 Caledonian Crescent, Edinburgh; Samuel Muirhead, 25 Well Green, Stirling; Margaret Warren, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Sadie Baird, Corkan Isle, Clonleigh, Co. Donegal; Becky Prior and Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Rednal, Birmingham. 2. Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Robert M'Callum, 25 Gelly-Mill Street, Macduff; Humphry Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Joseph Taylor and Nita Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

May.

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Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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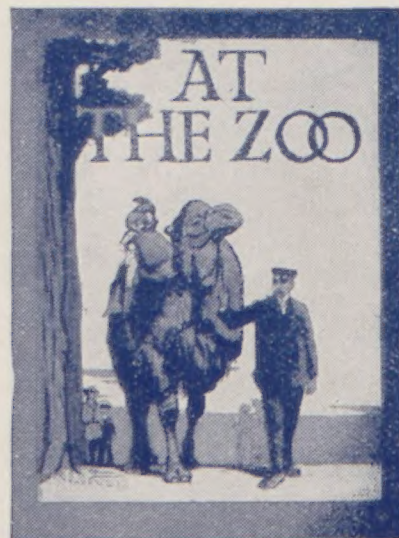
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